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Memphis,
Tenn.

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My Sweetheart: —

I feel miserable to-day because I failed to write yesterday. The truth is that I did write but it was such a blue letter that I thought it best to destroy it — and then found no time to write again. I had to work yesterday (Sunday) and it made me anything but cheerful. It was intimated that it would only be for the morning and the afternoon would be mine; well, it was 5.15 before I was through — and I was positively furious! I receive

one sunday a month; and the other Sunday until luncheon time while the rest of the Sundays will be entirely mine. The peculiar part of it is — that with all this, the work is fascinating. — and Mr. Swallow tells me I'll never be sorry if I stay. He says in six months I will be fully competent to tackle any hospital pharmacy or dispensary. To drown my sorrows I went to a movie picture show. When I got home, I was delighted to find a house full of company and soon forgot that I was tired — and although the day ended happily, at least; and I was a great deal more cheerful. To-day I am myself again.

no other day off in compensation and in this resentful, rebellious mood, I sat down to write you letter. Oh yes, I had plenty of time in which to write — that is just what intensified my fury! — for, from 2 o'clock on I had absolutely nothing to do — but I had to be there to relieve a pharmacist for his supper! When I told Mr. Swallow about it this morning, he smiled, patted my shoulder and told me not to worry. He promised to arrange, just as soon as I know the arrangement of the stock there, to have me stay until 5. only

I know, Joe dear, you are trying to do your best to build up your practice, and I know my honeybunch will succeed. I have been wondering how your cases have gotten along. Did they come up yet? You didn't write me a word about it. Also I haven't received your picture yet. And I don't think you love me anymore, do you? So many, many times I wanted to ask you if you are still smoking those nasty cigarettes — but each time it just slipped my mind. Are you? There was a clipping in one of the papers, written by a physician, which I really wanted to mail you, but can't find now. Don't forget I'll always love my honeybunch — always!

Your Frances.